I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall'out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
*W*hich of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that *I* being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:
The sorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Q. M. What? were you snarling all before *I* came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heaue̅,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
W hy then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As our by murder, to make him a king.

Edward

Line 4 lookes 14 are mine 19 the
fault less blood 21 are all fallen—
Line 31 you all your hatred now—? 39 As ours—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIB